Dupl of 1388.6.24

Country Conversations :

Being an

ACCOUNT

Of some

Syn 8. 69.7

DISCOURSES

THAT

Happen'd in a VISIT to the Country last Summer, on divers Subjects;

CHIEFLY

Of the Modern Comedies,
Of Drinking,
Of Translated Verse,
Of Painting *and* Painters,
Of Poets *and* Poetry.

H.M.

——— *Recubans sub tegmine fagi*
Sylvestrem tenui Musam meditaris avena.

LONDON, Printed for *Henry Bonwicke*, at the *Red Lyon* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*. 1694.

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to ___ Wright.

The author was James Wright the

Historian of Rutlandshire, born

at Yarnton near Oxford. See Wood

Ath. Oxon. IV. 278.

June 1799.

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TO THE

WITS.

FOR a plain Country Gentleman, who is none of your Fraternity, to meddle in these Matters seems a bold Intrusion; and to do this without any Apology, is still less excusable. I think it therefore, not improper to make a short Address to you, and therein to acquaint you, that what follows, was neither Writ nor Printed out of any Malicious intent to invade your Prerogative

rogative of Writing and Cenſuring. It muſt be acknowledged that you are the True Proprietors and Sovereign Lords of the Engliſh Parnaſſus; *there is not a Shrub, or Twig of Bays that puts forth on that Mountain of the Muſes, but is within your Dominion. All that I pretend to, is only the Birthright of a Free-born Subject, and to enjoy my Liberty of thinking. Shou'd you deny me this, you wou'd certainly be more Arbitrary, and ſhew a greater Tyranny over the Mind, than the* Grand Seignior *does over the Bodies and Purſes of his* Muſſulmen. *I made bold to borrow one of your Pens laſt Summer, and employ'd it meerly for a Paſs-time during the Intervals of Angling, and ſuch like*

Diver-

Diverſions of a Country Retreat, La Maniere de bien penſer *fell in my way I know not how, and I had a mind to try how ſomething of that Nature wou'd look in our Language. I endeavour'd to imitate (tho faintly, and afar off) the Original Draught of* Le Pere Bouhours: *If this Copy may be allow'd by you to paſs as a thing well meant, tho not like, 'tis the moſt that I deſire, and more than I expect; if not, I ſhall not be much concerned, ſince I have known ſome of your own Tribe to be as unſucceſsfull.* Farewel.

Country

20 JY63

Country Converſations, &c.

SECT. I.

Of the Modern Comedies.

ABOUT the middle of laſt Spring, *Liſander* a Commoner of the firſt Rank, and one whoſe Virtues and Accompliſhments had render'd him as Eminent as his Birth and Eſtate, being to return to his Country Seat (from which he had been abſent the whole Winter) reſolved notwithſtanding to loſe as little as might be of the Advantages of the Town, the Chief of which is its Converſation. To this End he engaged *Mitis* and *Julio*, two of his moſt inward Friends, and perſons much of his Humour and Character, to bear him Company, and

Spend,

Spend, at leaſt, part of the Summer with him. Nor would *Liſander* ſuffer them to go otherwiſe than in his own Coach, that ſo he might enjoy the moſt of their Diſcourſe, and make a kind of Accademy on the Road, during this little Voyage; for the Remove was ſhort, and but a Winter days Journey from *London:* They were no ſooner come into the Free and Un-citty'd Air, when *Liſander* told his Friends they muſt now reſolve to wean themſelves, for ſome time, from the Fountain of News, and exchange the Diverſions of the Coffee-Houſe, and the Theatre, for a Cool Shade and Rural Sports. *Mitis* Reply'd, the Change cannot but be very grateful to me, ſince I am quite ſick of the Common Buz at Coffee-Houſes, News frequently falſe, moſtly uncertain, and ſometimes abſurdly Ridiculous. You cannot be more Sick, added *Julio*, of the News, than I am of the New Plays, the Comedies eſpecially, which in my Eſteem are nothing comparable to thoſe Writ before the Civil War, and ſome in the

Reign

Reign of King *Charles* the Second. I am abſolutely of your mind, ſaid *Liſander*; and I think one may ſay, that the *Plain Dealer*, and Sir *Foplin*, were the laſt of our Engliſh Comedies, as properly and as truly, as *Cremutius Cordus* cou'd ſay, that *Brutus* and *Caſſius* were the laſt of the Romans. I perceive, ſaid *Mitis*, that you two are Confederate againſt the Modern Comedies, and I ſhall have much ado to defend them againſt ſo Potent an Alliance. But I beſeech you Gentlemen, how comes this unmodiſh Opinion in you, againſt the Plays in Faſhion? I'll tell you, continued *Liſander*, methinks they have neither the Wit, Conduct, Honour, nor Deſign of thoſe Writ by *Johnſon*, *Shakſpear*, and *Fletcher*. They are (generally ſpeaking) Flaſhy and Light; like your Whipt Cream they have little or nothing of Subſtance in them, they ſeem only ſuted to humour ſome preſent Maggot or Caprice of the Town, without any further Deſign; and that may be the Reaſon, that for the moſt part, when they have once

had their Run, they are laid by; and rarely either Acted or Read again in Cool Blood. The Applauſe that is given them proves, as the Common Phraſe is, but a Nine Days Wonder. Whereas there is hardly a Scene in *Shakſpeare* (tho' he Writ near 100 years ſince) but we have it ſtill in Admiration, for the Vivacity of the Wit, the Juſtneſs of the Character, and the True, Natural, and Proper Expreſſion. Plays ſhould be (and have always been in the beſt Reform'd and moſt Civilized times) Moral Repreſentations, but now moſt of our New Comedies are become the very Pictures of Immorality. This is a general Charge, ſaid *Mitis*, and fixes nothing. With *Liſanders* leave, ſaid *Julio*, I will give you ſome particulars. Firſt I muſt obſerve, that the Common Parts and Characters in our Modern Comedies, are two young Debauchees whom the Author calls Men of Wit and Pleaſure, and ſometimes Men of Wit and Senſe (but that is when they admire the Name of *Lucretius*, and ſeem to have a Judgment

ment above the Common Doctrines of Religion) theſe two Sparks are mightily addicted to Whoring and Drinking. The Bottle and the Miſs (as they Phraſe it) twiſted together make their *Summum Bonum*; all their Songs and Diſcourſe is on that Subject. But at laſt, partly for Variety of Faces, and partly in Conſideration of improving their Eſtate (ſhatter'd with Keeping) they Marry two young Ladies, one of which is as wild as poſſibly can be, ſo as to ſcape the Main Chance, the other more reſerved, but really as forward to be Marry'd as her Siſter. Another neceſſary Ingredient of a Comedy, is a fooliſh Kt. (ſometimes a Rich Country Squire, but moſt commonly the Poet Dubs him) and his Fortune is always in the 5th Act to Marry a Caſt Whore of one of thoſe fine Gentlemen before mentioned, who like a Man of Honour (ſuch as the Poet makes him) pretends that ſhe is a Perſon of Quality, and his near Kinſwoman. Add to theſe a Wife ſomewhat Elderly; but inſatiably Liquoriſh after a freſh Gal-

lant ; with a Husband continually exclaiming againſt the intolerable Labour of a Marry'd Life, and the reſtleſs importunities of his Spouſe (and yet this unconſcionable Cuckold keeps a Whore, *incognita*). Theſe are the Fundamentals of a Modern Comedy: Theſe you have continually over and over again, the Names only vary'd, and ſome little Alteration in the Writing (moſt commonly for the worſe) till the Humours are become Naucious. For inſtance, a Lewd Wife pretending Honour (like my Lady *Corkwood*, in *ſhe wou'd if ſhe cou'd*) but Laſciviouſly coveting the two Sparks that are Suiters to her Nieces, and all that Run; was New, well contrived, and very diverting at firſt; and to have it a ſecond time under other Names, in *Epſom Wells*, was tolerable; but to have the very ſame again in the *Virtuoſo*, and ten years after that in *the Scourers*.

——*Occidit Miſeros Crambe repetita.*

You

You are ſomewhat pleaſant, ſaid *Mitis* interrupting, in your Rehearſal of our Comick Materials, but withal, *Julio*, you are partial; for there is hardly any New Comedy that appears on the Stage, but has ſome New Part different from what has been before. 'Tis true, Reply'd *Julio*, there is indeed often added a New *Quelque choſe*, or (as commonly call'd) a Kikſhaw, or two, to ſet off the Entertainment, but theſe are the ſtanding Diſhes, and ſo often have they been ſerved up, that they are now become Fuſty, and will hardly go down with the Waiters. It puts me in mind, ſaid *Liſander*, of a Frugal Tobacconiſt, who having a ſmall Twiſt of Excellent Tobacco given him, was Reſolved to manage it to the utmoſt Advantage; the firſt Day therefore, he chaw'd it, and then put it in his Pocket to dry again, the next day he cut it and Smoakt it in his Pipe, and after all ſaved the Aſhes to ſerve him in a Third Capacity, for Snuſh. But this Tedious Repetition of the ſame Notions and Images, continued

Liſander, might be endured, if they were directed to the improvement of Virtue, or the diſcountenance of Vice. On the Contrary, we ſeldom or never ſee a Character of True Worth, Integrity, and Honour, in any of theſe Comedies, unleſs it be brought in meerly to be abuſed, and Laugh'd out of Countenance. The Debauchee is always the fine Gentleman: 'Tis he that is ſet up for an Example fit for Imitation and Eſteem. And to ſay the Truth the young Gentry of the Nation have been in this particular Wonderful apt and pregnant Scholars. Whereas in the Comedies of the laſt Age, tho' you have ſometimes People of an ill Character repreſented, yet they had always ſome Mark of Diſgrace ſet upon them before the End of the Play; and the contrary Virtue to that Vice was always Triumphant, and made the more Amiable and deſirous when compar'd and ſet off with the Blemiſhes of the other. With your permiſſion, ſaid *Mitis*, I doubt you are under a great miſtake in this; for our Wits and Criticks have more than

than once inform'd us, that Inſtruction is not the buſineſs of Comedy, but Diverſion and Laughter. Moral Precepts, ſay they, are only proper to Tragedy and Grave Subjects: While the Right Object of Comedy is the True and Lively Repreſentation of the Manners and Behaviour of Mankind in the times we Live in, ſo as to make a pleaſant Entertainment, and that's all. Our Poets, continued he, repreſent the Modern little Actions of Debauchees, as *Ben Johnſon* preſented the Humours of his Tankard Bearer, his Pauls Walkers, and his Collegiate Ladies, *&c.* things then known and familiar to every Bodies Notice; and ſo are theſe now, and conſequently delightful to the times, as Pictures of Faces well known and remarkable. Theſe, Anſwered *Julio*, were *Ben Johnſons* Weakneſſes, and have been as ſuch ſufficiently exploded by our New faſhion'd Wits, and therefore methinks they ſhould not be imitated by them of all Men Living. Such Repreſentations are like a Painters taking a Picture after the Life in the Apparel

Apparel then Worn, which becomes Ungraceful or Ridiculous in the next Age, when the Faſhion is out. *Mitis* thought me under a miſtake, ſaid *Liſander*, but I wiſh he be not Guilty of a greater in thinking a pleaſant Entertainment to be the only Deſign of a Comedy. Let your Wits and your Criticks ſay what they pleaſe, they can never convince me, but that the True End of Comedy as well as Tragedy, ought to be the Reformation of Manners, tho they differ in the Operation. The Subject of Tragedy being high, the Precepts, Sententious and Grave, and the Moral carries ſomething of Terrour againſt thoſe who are Great and Wicked, and Raiſes Compaſſion for the Sufferings of Good Men. On the other Hand, Comedy relates to the Inferior ſort of Mankind, but ſhou'd be directed to the ſame End, it ſhould render the Ill Habits of the Vulgar Odious as well as Ridiculous, it ſhould make Folly Bluſh, and Men aſhamed of their Vices; and Encourage Virtue. On the contrary ſome of our Late Comedies have

have given the greateſt Countenance to Libertiniſm that can be. by ſetting forth the extravagant Debauches of the Age as the True Character of a Gentleman, and only Fools and half Witted Creatures to be Conſiderate and Sober. Tho' they have not dared openly to oppoſe the Precepts of Religion, yet they have continually Rail'd againſt Marriage, as a Curſe and Impoſition upon Nature; and at the ſame time ſet off Whoring with all the Delicacy of Expreſſion, and moſt obliging Character they could invent. They have not been ſo Bold as yet (what it may come to in time, I know not) to Repreſent Obſcene Actions on the Stage, nor to Uſe the Plain downright Expreſſions of Immodeſty, but certainly there is ſuch a continued Thred of Laſcivious Meaning (commonly called Baudry in Clean Linnen) that Runs through a whole Play, and ſuch apparent and obvious Phraſes, that moſt of them muſt of neceſſity be taken in a Lewd Signification, or elſe they are Nonſenſe and Abſurd. On this Account I think it

almoſt

almoſt impoſſible, for the Youth of either Sex to return from one of theſe Comedies with their Fancy as Innocent, as they went. Poetry, the Dramatique eſpecially, has been properly called a ſpeaking Picture, as Painting, Dumb Poeſie. Which *Charles Alphonſe du Freſnoy*, in the beginning of his Poem *De Arte Graphicâ*, has thus curiouſly expreſt,

Ut Pictura Poeſis erit ; ſimiliſq; Poeſi
Sit Pictura, refert par æmula quæq; Sororem,
Alternantq; Vices & Nomina ; muta Poeſis
Dicitur hæc, Pictura loquens ſolet illa vocari.

Now do but imagine, if the Ideas which theſe Modern Comedies are full of, were repreſented by the Penſil to the Eye, in as lively manner as ſome of our Poets ſet them forth to the Intellect, would not this be a fitting Object to be expoſed to the Publick, think you? I will paſs over the diſreſpect that has been ſhewn to the Clergy of all Opinions (thereby inſinuating Religion to be but a meer Trade at beſt) tho' ſome Scenes have been

been ſo groſs, that they have been refuſed to be Acted, and cut out as Undecent for a Publick Repreſentation (and yet the Poet has been ſo fond of them, as to Print 'em with the Reſt, in a different Character) However I cannot but obſerve, that a Statute was made in the Third Year of King *James* I. whereby it was Enacted, *That if at any time or times, any Perſon or Perſons, do or ſhall in any Stage Play, Jeſtingly or Prophanely ſpeak, or Uſe the Holy Name of God, or of Chriſt Jeſus, which are not to be ſpoken but with Fear and Reverence, he ſhall Forfeit for every ſuch Offence Ten Pounds; the one Moity thereof to the King, the other to him or them that ſhall ſue for the ſame.* How often this Penalty has been incurr'd, I will not determine. 'Tis well we know you, *Liſander*, ſaid *Mitis* Smiling; a Stranger wou'd think you nearly Related to *William Prin*, and that you are about to Compoſe a Supplement to his *Hiſtriomaſtix*. So far from that, Anſwer'd *Liſander*, that I profeſs my ſelf a Lover of the Stage; I Eſteem Plays

(if

(if duly Regulated) to be of Excellent Uſe, for Inſtruction by Examples, for the Improvement of Wit, and for Innocent diverſion of that vacant time, which otherwiſe might be worſe imploy'd. What I have ſaid is in Order to their Continuance, by a timely Reformation of thoſe Scandals which are but too viſible and noted. 'Tis well known, that their Suppreſſion has been endeavour'd once or twice; and the Actors are not the firſt ſort of Men here in *England*, whoſe Inſtitution, tho' it was at firſt Good and Laudable, yet being afterwards abuſed, their Enemies have taken occaſion from the Abuſe, wholly to forbid the Uſe. The *Athenians* and *Romans*, when their Comedies became Licentious, thought it not below the Dignity and Care of their Magiſtrates to Regulate their Faults. And of later times, we have a freſher and nearer Inſtance of the Reformation of the Stage. That Great Man, the Cardinal Duke of *Richelieu*, to whoſe Wiſe Councils *France* does at this day, perhaps, owe all her preſent Grandeur, among

among all his other Noble Cares for the Advantage of that Kingdom, made it none of the leaſt to Reform the French Stage, that from a ſcandalous Load of Nautious Farce, which few of Quality wou'd Grace with their Preſence, the Objects of the Theatre are now become ſo Regular and Modeſt, that Ladies of the Niceſt Honour, and the Graveſt Church Men ſee 'em without Offence. Or to Uſe the Words of my French Author—*Par les ſoins du Grand Cardinal de Richelieu, la Comedie a tellement changé de face, qu'il n'y reſte plus rien de ce qui la faiſoit autrefois condamner.* Now really I wou'd not have a Nation of the Roman Catholick Communion boaſt of any ſort of Reformation, in which we of the Reform'd Religion are wanting.

Here this Diſcourſe was broke off for ſome time. After which Interruption the Company being again ſettled, *Mitis* put *Julio* in mind of his Promiſe to give particular inſtances of the Defects and Blemiſhes of our late Comedies, and of the contrary Beauties of thoſe

thoſe before the Wars. Whereupon *Julio*, in a long Diſcourſe, produced out of *Ben. Johnſon*, *Shakſpear*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Meſſenger*, *Shirley*, and Sir *William Davenant*, before the Wars, and ſome Comedies of Mr. *Drydens*, ſince the Reſtauration, many Characters of Gentlemen, of a quite different Strain from thoſe in the Modern Plays. Whoſe Converſation was truly Witty, but not Lewd, Brave and not Abuſive; Ladies full of Spirit and yet Nicely Virtuous; with abundance of Paſſages diſcovering an admirable Invention, and quickneſs of thought, and yet decently facetious: On the contrary he gave infinite Examples out of Modern Comedies of another Stamp, miſtaken Images of Bravery, Virtue deſpiſed, and the very Genius of Immodeſty, not dropt here and there, but ſo diffuſed, that it ſeems the Soul of the Play. He took occaſion to ſpeak of the Comick Scenes in Tragedies, or Tragick Stories, (much uſed by the Poets of the laſt Age) which they called Tragy-Comedies; he ſhew'd how uſeful they were

were in many Reſpects, but that they were always ſubſervient to the main Deſign, and were uſed chiefly to Illuſtrate, Highthen, aud ſet off, the Moral of the Play. He ſhew'd alſo how thoſe Poets had always in their thoughts that Old Verſe,

Omne tulit Punctum qui miſcuit Utile dulci.

And that thoſe who Writ moſt Correct and conſiderately ſquared their Deſigns by that Rule. But now ſaid he, the *Utile* ſeems wholly loſt and forgotten, and the *Dulce* is become Pall'd, Corrupted, and Sowr; as Hony it ſelf, and the beſt ſort of Sweet Meats will be with keeping. *Julio* was going on in this manner, but the Coach was now Arrived at *Liſanders* Village, and the Noiſe of the Bells that were Ringing to welcome his Coming, would not ſuffer any further Diſcourſe at that time.

Sect. II.

Of Drinking.

Liſander being thus poſſeſt of the Society of thoſe two Perſons whom he Wrote in the firſt Liſt of his Friends, was Reſolved to give them all the Diverſions his Country could afford, which was certainly Inferiour to no Part of *England* for all ſorts of Game, and good Humour'd Converſation. To Viſit and be Viſited, are the uſual Ways by which thoſe of the better ſort paſs off their vacant time in the Country. Two or three days after *Liſander's* Arrival, ſeveral of the Neighbouring Gentry came to Welcome his Return. Among whom was *Belamy* a Gentleman of Handſom Parts, and Wit enough, but he had Learnt at *Oxford* (where he had ſpent ſome years) among other Arts, the Science of good Drinking. Which, with

with his Country Practice ſince, had render'd him moſt expert, in that Noble Science. He knew the Nature and Force of all ſorts of Wines, and had made an Engine (of which he was the Inventer) whereby to Eſſay, or Prove 'em, as they do Gunpowder, and know how far they wou'd carry, and at what diſtance of time do Execution. The Learning of Wines being ſomewhat Foreign, required more of Reading and Study, and a kind of Mathematical Head to make his Concluſions; but as for *Our Manufacture*, all the abſtruſe Queſtions relating to Ale, were ſo eaſie and obvious to his underſtanding, that (as I may ſay) it was his proper Element. He knew how by its own natural ferment (without the leaſt Adultery of Art) to Raiſe, Refine, Highten, and even inebriate the Liquor it ſelf. To this end only he had Study'd the Principles of Aſtronomy, and could tell you the Critical Minute when moſt ſucceſsfully to brew, when to Tun, when to Bottle, and when to Drink; and how many hours Sleep is requiſite af-

ter a full Doſe, a half Doſe, and a quarter Doſe. All this Curious Learning and forty times as much more on the ſame Subject, *Belamy* was a Compleat Maſter of. After Dinner the Bottles began to Muſter according to Modern Diſcipline. *Mitis* and *Julio*, foreſaw an Aſſault, and began to caſt up all the Arguments they could, to fortifie their Camp againſt the Enemy: *Mitis* eſpecially, who was one of thoſe Stanch and Abſtemious Humouriſts that Drink more Tea than Claret; underſtand me, between Meals; for at Dinner he always took his Glaſs in Courſe, and thought it then as abſurd to forbear Wine as to drink Coffee. *Belamy* who happen'd to ſit next him, and having obſerved him at Dinner to drink freely enough, and never balk a Health, he concluded he would do the like at all times; perceiving therefore now, that he trifled with his Glaſs, and (as he Phraſed it) did not Drink fairly, he began to preſs upon him, and urge him to be ſociable, alledging for a main Argument, that after this Rate we ſhall be

be Drunk before you. *Mitis* a little moved to find the Conſcience leſs free in Drinking than Religion, Reply'd, Do you Eſteem that an Advantage, or diſadvantage? a Happineſs, or Misfortune? Let me periſh if I can imagine which you think it. For if you think it a misfortune, who conſtrains you to drink a ſtronger Liquor, or in a greater quantity, than I do? But if you think it a Happineſs or Advantage, what Reaſon have you to complain of that? This was a Dilemma which *Bellamy* was not at that time prepared to Anſwer, he therefore Balkt the Queſtion, as *Mitis* had done the Glaſs, and in a more Complaiſant manner, entreated him to begin a Health, ſuch as he pleas'd. Will you then pledge me in Tea, ſaid *Mitis*. Not while there is Wine in the County, Reply'd the other. And what, continued *Mitis*, ſhould oblige me to Drink your Liquor, more than you mine? Suppoſe a Water Drinker here (you know there are many ſuch) whoſe long continued Cuſtom has made it natural to drink nothing but

pure Element. Wou'd you think it Civility to preſs him to pledge you a Bumper in Claret, or on the other hand, wou'd you not think him Mad to urge you to Pledge a Pint Glaſs from the Ciſtern? A Water Drinker, ſays *Bellamy*, is Company for my Horſe, and unfit for Society. Hereupon *Mitis* demanded, what do you call Society? The other reply'd readily, Wit, Mirth, and good Humor; which none can be Maſter of without a generous Bottle. And yet, ſaid *Mitis*, *Voiture* drunk Water. That very Name has the force of a thouſand Arguments againſt you. Beſides, VVater is the natural Drink of the whole Creation; the only Drink, in probability, before the Flood, when Mankind lived to the extravagancy of Old Age; and certainly could we reduce our ſelves to that which was *Adam*'s Liquor, and leave that of *Noah*, whoſe firſt appearance in the VVorld was unlucky and ominous, we ſhould avoid a thouſand Diſtractions, & (which is the conſtant effect of Drinking in me) as many painful Surfeits and Feavers.

Feavers. That's only for want of Practice, ſaid *Belamy*; if you did but uſe it more, you would not be diſturb'd; no more than I, who am as Brisk and well next day after my three Bottles over Night, as if it were Mothers Milk. Are you ſure it agrees ſo well with you, ſaid *Mstis* ſlily, I ſhould be apt to think it does not. Do you think me, anſwered *Belamy* ſomewhat haſtily, a Fool or a Mad-Man? VVhy ſure you'l give me leave to underſtand my own Conſtitution better than you; and Judge of my own Temper from Experience truer than you can. You have Reaſon, anſwer'd *Mstis*; and why muſt I be ſuppoſed ſuch an Ideot that I cannot do the ſame of my Temper from my Experience? You Adviſe me to Drink VVine more frequently, that it may by conſtant practice, be familiar to my Stomach, and that I may have my Health after it. Is not this Ridiculous, when I have my Health already without it? I know there is a ſort of People who think it conducing to their Health (or at leaſt their Pleaſure) once or twice

a VVeek to be *very Merry*, as they call it, that is in Engliſh, *down Drunk*: and this in their Phraſe is to give Nature a Fillip. How you approve of this I know not, for my part I think ſuch a Courſe of Life as far from pleaſure as it is from Health. An other thing I have obſerved among your Good Fellows, which in my Opinion is extreamly obſurd; if one Man drinks his Glaſs leſs full than his who drank to him, the other cries out in a very Pathetical manner,; Nay Sir, Do me Juſtice — mine was higher. As if the Contents of one Man's Stomack were the Standard for all Men. They call this Juſtice, which in reality is the greateſt Injuſtice that belongs to Society. Suppoſe it were the Cuſtom to Eat Healths and not drink 'em (as I ſee no Reaſon for one more than t'other.) There are ſome of ſuch Voracious Appetites, that one Man can Eat a whole Shoulder of Mutton at a Bout, or perhaps a Leg of Pork and Turnips. Wou'd you think it reaſonable for one of theſe Eaters to deſire his Friends to pledge him, and take

take off a whole Shoulder? Perhaps his next Neighbour at Table is one of thoſe who have an Averſion for Hogs Fleſh, wou'd you think it Civil for one of theſe Devourers aforeſaid to Eat a Health, and preſs the other to do him Juſtice, and Pledge him in five or ſix pound of Pork? Away with your naucious Similes, interrupted *Belamy*, who ever heard of Eating Healths? The Debate, ſaid *Mitis*, is not of Eating or Drinking, but meaſuring the Contents of one Man's Appetite by that of an other.—But what is a Health? *Belamy* readily gave him this Definition; A Health is only a hearty Wiſh between two, for the Good and Proſperity of a third Perſon; and as an Evidence to demonſtrate the Reality of our Intention, we take off a Bumper, tho perhaps againſt ones Stomach: Nay, the bigger the Glaſs is, and the more againſt nature, the ſtronger our Affection. A moſt excellent Demonſtration of well wiſhing! cryed *Mitis*; ſomething like this, continued he, I have read, of a ſort of Bigotted Turks, who

who in the hight and tranſport of their Zeal, to ſhew their Love and Devotion to *Mahomet*, cut aud gaſh their own Fleſh, and Stab themſelves in the Hand. But here's the difference, ſome Men among us, when they demonſtrate on ſuch occaſions as you mention, inſtead of Wounding themſelves they Stab others. Come, come, ſaid *Belamy*, all your Argumentation ſignifies not a ruſh, the Practice of all *Europe* in this Age, is againſt you; and Cuſtom muſt prevail. In my mind, reply'd *Mitis*, our Anceſtors the Old *Britans* had a much better Cuſtom, for which they were propoſed as an Example of Temperance: Witneſs the Poet,

Ecce Britannorum Moseſt laudabilis iſte
Vt bibat arbitrio pocula quiſq; ſuo.

Which with your permiſſion may be Engliſh'd thus,

Among the Britans *we this Cuſtom find,*
That no Man drinks but as he is inclin'd.

Methinks

Methinks' ſaid *Belamy*, *arbitrio ſuo* may as well be taken in an other quite different ſence, and with the ſame Liberty that you have uſed, I may render it thus

Among the Britans *this good Cuſtom was,*
That each Man willingly took off his Glaſs.

The reſt of the Company who had been hitherto very Attentive to the pleaſant Dialogue, could no longer forbear to interpoſe. *Julio*, either out of Complaiſance to *Belamy*, being a ſtranger, or minded to Rally *Mitis*, highly applauded *Belamy's* Verſion; ſaying, it ſhew'd the very Spirit of *Ben. Johnſon*, when indulging his Genius in the *Apollo*. *Liſander* ſmiled and ſaid he liked the Witty Evaſion of the Authors Sence. Others, who were Brothers of the Bottle, were Laviſh in their Commendation, and that they might never forget ſo uſeful a piece of Poetry, they Writ it down in their Table Books. One of the Company, an Old Cavalier of Gray Age, but of a Wit and Judgment

ment as Vigorous as ever, ſaid, *Belamy*'s Shift puts me in mind of an Evaſion that was made (ſomewhat to better purpoſe) many years ago, in the time of *Oliver*'s Rebellion. The Parlimentarian Party were very apt to Argue the Righteouſneſs of their Cauſe from the Succeſs; ſaying, that God owned his People, and manifeſted the Juſtice of their Undertakings by the many Victories which he gave them, and a great deal of Cant to that purpoſe. One of that ſide who pretended to Learning, ſaid, the Notion was acknowledged in all Ages, which made *Lucan* Write,

Victrix Cauſa Diis placuit——

A Royaliſt then preſent of a Wit as far Superiour to his, as his Principles were better, Replyed, Conſider the whole Verſe together, and it makes againſt you.

Victrix Cauſa Diis placuit, ſed Victa Catoni.

Now

Now all Hiſtory tells us of what Eminent Virtues, and how excellent a Man That *Cato* was; and we are ſtill better inform'd, from the Holy Scripture, that the Heathen Gods were Devils, *Omnes Dii gentium Dæmonia.* (Pſal. 95. v. 5.) The plain Engliſh therefore of that Verſe in *Lucan* is no more than this;

Devils the Conquering Cauſe like beſt,
But Divine Cato *the Oppreſt.*

This Tranſlation, ſays *Julio*, would certainly have pleas'd Father *Bouhours*, who in all probability would have prefer'd it to the Latine, ſince in the very beginning of his *Maniere de bien penſer*, he falls foul on *Lucan* for repreſenting, in that place, a Mortal Man to be of a better Character for Juſtice and Compaſſion, than the Gods, contrary to the Univerſally received Notions of a Deity. Hereupon they fell into a long Diſcourſe of Tranſlated Verſe. *Liſander* affirm'd that none can be properly ſaid to Tranſlate well, unleſs he improves the Author's

Author's Thought, or at leaſt meliorates the Expreſſion in Engliſh beyond what it is in Latine, which rarely happens, unleſs it be from one who has great Judgment in both Languages. And for this reaſon the Tranſlation of Latine Poetry, Verbally, into Engliſh Proſe, (or bad Verſe, which is worſe) is Dull and Flat, tho' never ſo good in the Original, becauſe it wants the Delicacy of Expreſſion, and the Harmony of Meaſure and Cadence, which belongs to true Poeſie. *Julio* acknowledged what *Liſander* ſaid, to be undoubted Truth, and obſerved further, that the Poets of this Age, however ſhort they may be of ſome of their Predeceſſors in other matters; yet they much excell them in the Art of Verſifying; I mean for eaſie and Genuine Expreſſion, and ſmooth compoſure of their Lines, placing their Words ſo as may moſt agree with the uſual way of ſpeaking, and not begining a Period in the middle of one Verſe, and ending it in the middle of the next. In which particulars moſt, if not all the Poets of the

the laſt Age were very Faulty and Ungraceful in their Writings. And yet, ſaid *Mitis*, I remember a Latine Couplet, Witty enough, which I think better expreſt in Engliſh, above 100 years ago, (as ſeems by the Meaſure.) It is a piece of an Epigram relating to a Clock: The Words are theſe,

Quis teneat lento fugientia tempora nodo,
Cum dent & celeres plumbea vincla pedes?

The reſt I have forgot, both of the Latine and Engliſh, except only this Concluſion,

Then who with gentle tye can cauſe the fleeting time to ſtay;
When feet which fetter'd are with Lead, do poſt ſo faſt away?

Here the thought is as full as in the Original, but much more intelligibly expreſt to an Engliſh Ear, than if he had ſaid, That *Leaden Chains give ſwift Feet*, the harſhneſs of the Metaphor being mollified in the Tranſlation. Which is the more obſervable, added *Liſander*, in regard the Writers of

of thoſe times do ſo very much ſuper-abound in uneaſie Figures, and hardly any thing was then admitted to be well and Scholar-like pen'd, unleſs it were almoſt all Metaphor, and Cătachreſis. In the mean time, ſays *Belamy*, we forget our Buſineſs; the Wine dies, the Glaſs ſleeps, and the Butler grows Purſey for want of Exerciſe: Away with your Poetry and Poets, the beſt uſe we can make of them at preſent is, in my opinion, to Drink all their Healths from *Homer* down to *Ben.* The Extravagancy of ſuch a Propoſal made *Mitis* ſtart, who reply'd, that to do ſo wou'd take up more time than he deſigned to ſpend in the Country, and he queſtion'd whether *Liſander*'s Celler could ſupply them all. Beſides, ſays he, I muſt be firſt ſatisfied by a Divine, whether Drinking a Health to the Deceaſed be not as Superſtitious and Unlawful as to pray for them. Well then, ſaid *Belamy*, ſince we muſt not remember them this way, let us e'en take a friendly Round or two, and forget 'em. *Liſander* propoſed, as a means to

to gratifie both Parties, the Drinkers, and the Wits, that *Mitis* and *Julio* ſhould at this time comply in ſome reaſonable degree with *Belamy*, and in return, he and all the Reſt of the Company ſhould at the next Meeting produce a Specimen of Tranſlated Verſe of their own performance, all which ſhould be impartially Examined by the Reſt; thereby to diſcover, if not an Example of good Tranſlation, yet at leaſt how it ſhould be ſuch. What *Liſander* mention'd was not unpleaſing to any; each Man in the Company undertook to perform his part, according to his Talent, both for Drinking and VVriting. The Reſt of the Evening they Sacrificed to *Bacchus*; till the Company Parted, all having enough, and ſome too much.

SECT. III.

Of Tranſlated Verſe.

IT was about a fortnight or three Weeks after, before all thoſe who had undertaken this Exerciſe of the Muſes could meet. At laſt they happen'd together at *Liſanders*: Who after a Noble Treat at Dinner, led his Friends to his favourite Walk in the Bottom of his Park. It was cut out and contrived on the Bank of a moſt delightſome River, as well ſtored with all ſorts of Fiſh, as the Swans would permit; the Walk was as Broad, and even as the *Mall*, and above half as long, but not ſo ſtrait, it humouring the Meanders of the Stream. The whole length of the Walk was skirted on the one Hand with a Wood continually full of Nightingales, Throſtles, Stockdoves, and ſuch Silvan Muſick; the outward Branches of which were ſo Luxuriant, that they ſpred them-

themſelves with little or no intermiſſion, as a Natural Canopy from one end of the Walk to the other. On the other ſide, oppoſite to the Wood, ran along a moſt ſweet and clear River, and beyond that lay ſuch a Beautious Proſpect of Meadows, ſo deckt at that time with Primroſes, Daiſies, and other ſuch like wild Gayities of the forward Spring, as if Nature had defied the moſt skilful Jeweller to ſhew a pleaſanter Enamel. *Liſander* had contrived on the Wood ſide of this Walk ſeveral Seats and Reſting places, but one more eſpecial about the Middle. It was a kind of ſmall Summer Houſe Placed oppoſite to a Viſto that for Eight or Ten Miles forward, cut through all the delightful Objects that fancy can deſire in the moſt pleaſing Landskip. Here it was that *Liſander* having ſeated the Company, remember'd them of the Tranſlated Eſſays they had all promiſed; and becauſe he was the Promoter of the Undertaking, himſelf firſt began with Repeating theſe Lines out of the Sixth Book of *Virgils Æneads.*

Excudent alii ſpirantia mollius æra;
Credo equidem, vivos ducant è marmore Vultus.
Orabunt Cauſas melius, cælique meatus
Deſcribent radio, & ſurgentia ſidera dicent.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
(Hæ tibi erunt artes) paciſque impovere morem
Parcere Subjectis, & debellare ſuperbos.

Which, ſaid he, I have ventured to render thus, in Engliſh.

Some may in Sculpture ſweeter Touches give,
And by their Skill make the Cold Marble live:
Some better may defend their Clyent's Cauſe;
Some in Aſtronomy gain more Applauſe:
To Rule, O Roman, ſhall thy Science be;
Theſe are the Proper Arts of Majeſty:
How in ſoft Peace their Subjects to diſpoſe,
And how with Steel to manage Rebel Foes.

Mitis began to Applaud the Tranſlation, when *Liſander* cut him ſhort, ſaying, that he did not propoſe theſe Eſſays for Applauſe, either to himſelf or others; but on the contrary to occaſion handſom Exceptions, and diſcoveries not of Beauties, but Defects and Blemiſhes (which he knows the Company can make) in Order thereby

by to teach one how to write Correctly. And I am of Opinion, continued he, that no Man can be ſaid truly to write well, unleſs he can *find Fault* well. For Faults, like Diſeaſes, when perfectly diſcover'd are half Cured. Hereupon *Julio* ſaid, I tell you frankly then *Liſander*, I ſhou'd not like your Expreſſion in the ſecond Line—— *Make the cold Marble live*——as too bold and extravagant, were it not Juſtified in the Original by *ſpirantia æra*, and *Vivos Vultus*: But there is a real Fault, or rather Defect in your Tranſlation, for which I can Frame no manner of excuſe. You have omitted *Parcere Subjectis*, which ſeems to me to be the moſt material Part of the Character which *Virgil* here gives of an excellent Prince, or Governor; Mercy and Forbearance are Attributes of the Deity, and nothing can be more Great and Godlike in a Ruler. Therefore *Debellare Superbos*, and not *parcere Subjectis* at the ſame time, as it is but half the Advice of *Anchiſes* to *Æneas*, (or under that Fiction, of *Virgil* to *Auguſtus*) ſo it is but half the

ſenſe of your Author. *Liſander* acknowledged the Truth of what *Julio* ſaid, and thank'd him, for expreſſing his free Thought. *Belamy* happen'd to ſit next to *Liſander*, and was therefore as next in Order, requeſted to produce ſomething or other that he had fancied ſince the laſt Meeting. I profeſs, replyed he briskly, I have not of late met any thing more agreeable to my Humour, than an Old *Chanſon a boire* in one of *Molier*'s Comedies.

Buuons, chers Amis, buvons,
Le temps qui fuit nous y convie:
Profitons de la vie
Autant que nous pouvons:
Quand on a paſſé l'onde noire,
Adieu le bon Vin, nos amours;
Depeſchons-nous de Boire,
On ne boit pas toûjours.

Laiſons Raiſonner les Sots
Sur le vray bon heur de la vie;
Noſtre Philoſophie
Le met parmy les Pots:

Les biens, le Scavoir, & la Gloire,
N'oſtent point les ſoucis faſcheux ;
Et ce n'eſt qu'a bien boire
Que l'on peut eſtre heureux.

Which I thus Engliſh,

Drink, my Friends, and uſe your time,
While eaſie Life is in its Prime,
Ere our Drinking days are paſt.
Sullen Age comes on apace,
And Death will all our Joys deface:
Drinking cannot always laſt.

Drink, my Friends, while Fools diſpute
Of what is Life's moſt Happy Fruit ;
All their Arguments are Cheat.
Fair Eſtates, and Fame more fair,
Cou'd never yet extinguiſh Care ;
Drinking only does the Feat.

A *Chanſon a Boire*, ſaid *Mitis*, is of ſo ſlight a Nature, that it can hardly afford either matter or words ſubſtantial enough to bear an exception ; things of this kind are ſuppoſed to be writ as it were *extempore* o're a Glaſs of Wine, with little or no Conſidera-

tion, and therefore have all the Grains of allowance that can poſſibly be given. And for that reaſon I cannot in this, tho in an other ſort of Poem I ſhould diſapprove the laſt Words, *does the Feat*, as a low and abject Phraſe. Yet, ſaid *Julio*, if a Word be uſed improperly, or in a ſenſe that it will not bear, it may be juſtly condemn'd; for example, in the firſt *Stanza*, —*Death will all our Joys Deface.* Deface is a word that relates properly to Objects of the Sight, as to Deface a Writing, a Monument, a Picture, *&c.* Now Joys are Notional and may be ſaid to be *Defeated*, *Deſtroyed*, or *Determined*, but, as I conceive, not properly to be *Defaced*; no more than to deface ones pleaſure, or deface a Jeſt or fit of Laughter. After all added *Liſander*, I think his Engliſh to be better than the French Original, as including the Authors ſenſe in leſs Compaſs, and fewer Idle Words. Here *Charleſon* (for that was the Name of the Old Cavalier formerly mention'd) recited the beginning of that Famous Ode in the 3*d* Book of *Horace*, which,

which, ſaid he, we that ſuffer'd in the times of Rebellion and Anarchy, did ſometimes uſe to apply to our ſelves, by way of Incouragement.

Juſtum & tenacem propoſiti Virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus inſtantis Tyranni
Mente quatit ſolida: neq; Auſter,
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus.
Si fractus illabatur Orbis
Impavidum ferient Ruinæ.

I ſhall give ye occaſion enough of Exception, continued he, when I tell you my Engliſh.

The Juſt and conſtant Man is ne're caſt down
By the Mob's Fury, or a Tyrants Frown.
Nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Thunder, can
Or Shake, or Startle, ſuch a Man;
Nay ſhou'd the very Heavens Fall
And a New Chaos ſwallow all,
Well ſettled in his Mind, he'd ſtand upright;
Nor cou'd the Univerſal Ruin Fright.

This Tranſlation, ſaid *Liſander*, has fully and handſomly expreſt the Senſe of the Latine; but not after the Poetical

tical Phraſe of the Author. And tho' *Nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Thunder*—— gives us the true ſignification and meaning, of *Neq; Auſter Dux turbidus Adriæ, nec Jovis Manus*——— Yet in my Opinion a Tranſlator muſt not neglect thoſe Figurative ways of ſpeaking; for if ſo, we ſhould looſe the Intelligence of the Old received Fictions, without which we can never perfectly underſtand all the Beauties of the Latine Poets. I cannot approve, ſaid *Julio*, of the word *Mob*, in theſe Verſes, which tho ſignificant enough, yet it is a word but of Late Uſe, and not ſufficiently Naturalized to appear in a ſerious Poem: Beſides, I eſteem it a kind of Burleſque word, and unſutable to the Dignity of *Horace*. There is an other word, ſaid *Mitis*, which I cannot paſs without a Remark; and that is the Particle, *Nay*, which I know is of Common uſe in Proſe to highten and aggravate the Subject of Diſcourſe, but I cannot think it graceful in Verſe, as a too familiar and ſlight way of ſpeaking. 'Tis without all queſtion, there are ſome

ſome words which are allowable in Proſe, but not in a Poem; ſuch as the word *Lad*, which the Great *Cowley* tells in the Notes on his *Davideis*, is not proper to be Read in an Heroick Poem, and therefore uſes the Word *Boy* inſtead of it; and yet the word *Lad* is prefer'd in the Engliſh Tranſlation of the Scriptures, from whence he takes the Argument and Foundation of his Work. After this it came in Courſe to a Gentleman whoſe Name I have forgot, to produce his Specimen; he told the Company, that he had lately happen'd upon a French Epigram of a New and ſurpriſing Turn, the manner of the Poets expreſſing his Deſign, in the Cloſe, pleas'd me ſo well, ſaid he, that I cou'd not forbear trying, how the Thought wou'd ſhew in Engliſh. It is an Addreſs to Cardinal *Richelieu*, form'd in ſuch an Air, that in my mind, it is the neateſt (or if you will) the gentileſt way of begging a great Man's favour, not without ſomething like Reproach for neglect, that ever I met with. The French is this,

Armand

Armand, *l'aage aſoiblit mes yeux,*
Et tout ma chaleur me quitte :
Je verray bien toſt mes ayeux
Sur le rivage du Cocyte:
Je ſeray bientoſt des ſuivans
De ce bon Monarque de France
Qui fut le Pere des ſcavans
En un ſeicle pleine d'ignorance.
Lors que j'approcheray de luy,
Il voudra que Je lui raconte
Tout ce que tu fais aujourduy
Pour combler l'Eſpagne de honte.
Je contenteray ſon deſir,
Et par le recit de ta vie
Je charmeray le déplaiſir
Qu'il receut au Champ de Pavie.
Mais s'il demande en quel employ
Tu m'as tenu dedans le monde,
Et quel bien j'ay receu de toy,
Que veux-tu que je luy reponde ?

And my Engliſh this,

Old Age begins to call; I ſoon muſt go
To my laſt home, in the Dark World below,
Where buſie Souls will Crowd ſome News to know.

There I ſhall tell, Armand, *of your Renown,*
The Voice of every Country, every Town;
What Wonders you have done to ſerve the Crown.

How

How Wiſe, how Great, in every god like Deed,
How bountiful you are to all that need,
But moſt where Learning ſpeaks, or Merits plead.

When they ſhall ask, as ten to one ſome may,
What you have done for me, tell me I pray,
Illuſtrious Sir, what wou'd you have me ſay?

Believe me Sir, ſaid *Liſander*, you have hanſomly and well expreſt the Authors Turn of Thought in the Concluſion, but I muſt needs ſay, you have ſo little obſerved the Authors Expreſſions in all that goes before, that in my Opinion, this cannot properly be called a Tranſlation, but rather ſome Verſes writ in imitation of the French. You have well Paraphraſed the Author's meaning in the main; but certainly as a good Tranſlation ought not on the one hand, to be Literal or Verbal without a due Liberty to the property of Expreſſion in our Language; ſo on the the other, it muſt not be a meer Paraphraſe on the Author's General Deſign, without any reſpect to his form of

of expreſſion. *Julio* added, that he could wiſh the word *what* had not been twice uſed ſo cloſe together in the two laſt Lines, *What you have*, and *what wou'd you*, for beſides that correct Writers forbear to repeat the ſame words near the place where they have been uſed already, (unleſs the Enargy of the ſenſe does abſolutely require it) the word *what* is harſh and unpleaſant in the Engliſh Tongue, as the word *Car* in the French; which *Monſieur de Gomberville* one of thoſe Select Wits who compoſed the French Academy, rejected as offenſive, and fitter for a Diſputation than a Romance or Poem; and brag'd that he had not at all made uſe of that word in compoſing the five Volumes of *Polexander*. After this *Mitis* produced Mr. *Cowleys* Epitaph in *Weſtminſter* Abby, render'd by him into Engliſh.

Aurea dum uolitant latè tua ſcripta per orbem
Et famâ æternùm vivis, divine Poeta,
Hic placidâ jaceas requie: Cuſtodiant urnam
Cana fides; vigilcntq; perenni lampade Muſæ:
Sit ſacer iſte locus, nec quis temerarius auſit
Sacrilega turbare manu venerabile Buſtum.

Intacti

Intacti maneant, maneant per ſecula dulcis
Couleii *cineres, ſerventq; immobile Saxum.*

Immortal in his Fame, which daily Flies
About the Globe, here Divine *Cowley* lies.
His Urne inviolate all Ages keep:
Here let the Muſes ever Watch, and Weep.
For ever Holy let this place remain,
Untrod by Sacrilegious and Prophane
Eternal Peace Sweet *Cowley* guard; and may
His Name preſerve this Marble from decay.

Belamy who had been ſilent a long while, this dry Diſcourſe being inſipid to him; cou'd not now forbear obſerving to *Mitis* (his Old Antagoniſt) that in his Opinion he has taken too great a Liberty in the beginning of his Verſion, the Latine mentioning *Cowley* in the ſecond Perſon, which he has vary'd in the Engliſh to the third, contrary (as he thinks) to the Rules of a True and Juſt Tranſlation. *Julio* ſaid, that his addition of the Word *weep*, tho' it does really improve the ſenſe, yet being placed unluckily at the end of the Line, looks as if it was taken in, only for the Rhime ſake. *Liſander* obſerved, that the Concluſion of

of this Epitaph (eſpecially as *Mitis* has expreſt it in Engliſh) has much the like thought with that compoſed for *Michael Drayton* whoſe Monument is very little diſtant from Mr. *Cowley's*, and that the ſenſe of their Epitaphs in this particular, is almoſt as near as their Graves; for thus the Compoſer of Mr. *Drayton's* Epitaph is ſuppoſed to ſpeak to the Marble that covers him.

And when thy Ruins ſhall diſclaim
To be the Treaſury of his Name,
His Name that cannot dye ſhall be
An Everlaſting Monument to thee.

Here *Julio* was call'd upon to produce his Eſſay of Tranſlation. He ſaid he had lately chopt upon ſome Latine Verſes which he found written before a *Burtons* Melancholy, the Author of which Book aſſumed the Name of *Democritus* Junior.

Heraclite *fleas*, *miſero ſic convenit Ævo*,
Nil niſi triſte vides, nil niſi Turpe vides.
Tu ride quantumq; *lubet*, Democrite, *ride*,
Non niſi vana vides, non niſi ſtulta vides.

Is

Is fletu, hic riſu modo gaudeant, unus utriq;
Sit licet uſq; Labor, ſit licet uſq; Dolor.
Nunc opus eſt (nam totus eheu! jam deſipit Orbis)
Mille Heraclitis, milleq; Democritis.
Nunc opus eſt (tanta eſt inſania) tranſeat omnis
Orbis in Anticyras, gramen in Helleborum

The Latine pleaſed me ſo well, continued *Julio*, that I tryed to turn 'em into Engliſh; but ſo unſucceſsfully, that I am aſhamed of the Attempt.

Now Heraclitus, *let thy Salt Showers fall;*
Since all you ſee is ſad, and wretched all.
Now Laugh, Democritus, *and burſt thy Spleen;*
Nothing but vain, and Ridicule, is ſeen.
To both your Paſſions give their full Careers;
More than ſufficient cauſe for both appears.
Th'unhappy Age wants thouſands ſuch as you
To Weep, to Laugh, yet all wou'd be too few
Th'unhappy Age wants no Proviſion more
Than Towns of Bedlams, Fields of Hellebore.

As *Julio* had before play'd the Critick on the ſeveral Tranſlations of all the Company, ſo now every Man thought himſelf obliged to make ſome Remark on his. *Mitis* ſaid, that he had uſed more figurative Expreſſions in his Engliſh, than the Author had in the

Latine, ſuch as *let thy Salt Showers fall*, inſtead of *Fleas*. And that in his Opinion, Figures are leſs allowable in our Language than in the Roman. *Charleſon* ſaid his Addition, *yet all wou'd be too few*, admits of the ſame exception, which himſelf made but juſt before to *Mitis* about the word *Weep*, and one need only repeat his own Words, [tho' it does ſomewhat improve the Authors thought, yet being placed unluckily at the end of the Line, it looks as if it were taken in, only for the Rhime's ſake] ſo common a thing is it for a man to trip in the very place where he obſerved another to ſtumble. A third ſaid, if thoſe words were not added for the Rhime's ſake, yet he fears the word *Careers* in the Plural was, for I fancy, continued he, had it Rhimed, *Career* in the ſingular had been better Engliſh: Yet it ſeems to me to be but an untoward and ill choſen Word, at beſt. Others made other Obſervations of leſs Note, which I have forgot. *Julio* thankt the Company for the Honour they did him in examining his Verſes more cloſely

cloſely than the others; but, added he, after all you have not diſcover'd half the Faults. In ſuch like Diſcourſes the time ſlipt away inſenſibly; when *Liſander* having obſerved the Sun near ſetting, riſe up from his Seat, and ended the Friendly Debate with this Verſe of *Virgil*,

Claudite jam Rivos, Pueri, ſat prata biberunt.

I cannot imagine, ſaid *Belamy*, how you apply that; for if you deſign it to us, nothing can be more improper; ſince we are ſo far from having drunk enough, that Drink is the only thing that has been wanting. If you love me therefore, let us make all convenient haſt back to your houſe, *Liſander*, and redeem the time, for really I have loſt an Afternoon ſtrangely. They all ſmiled, and return'd. As they walkt *Julio* acknowledged he began to be tired with the Afternoons Work; which lookt ſo like School-Boys producing their Exerciſe, that he cou'd not chooſe but remember with a kind of Terror, the Rod and Ferula. True,

ſaid *Mitis*, we were all like School-Boys in one reſpect, but we were all Maſters in another, ſince we all judged, Cenſured, and Corrected. Or as *Ovid* ſays of *Baucis* and *Philemon*,

——— *Iidem jubentq; parentq;*

Sect. IV.

Of Painting and Painters.

AMong other Viſits which *Liſander* and his two Friends were obliged to repay, one was to *Eugenius*, a Gentleman whoſe Seat was about Seven or Eight Miles diſtant from that of *Liſander*, *Eugenius* had Travell'd in his younger years, and perform'd the Grand Toure; after his return into *England*, he had lived at Court in a very handſome Station, but ſome years ſince he had quitted his Office there, and given himſelf wholly to a Country Retirement. Since when he imploy'd himſelf much after the *Italian*

lian Faſhion in Building, and imbeliſhing his Houſe and Gardens. Out of the Ruins of an Old Priory he had erected one of the Neateſt Houſes in that County for true and Regular Architecture, and Curious Contrivance. It was choicely furniſht within, but in no particular more ſingular and obſervable than for a Select and valuable Collection of Original Paintings, which he had purchaſed, at a very conſiderable expence, in *Italy* and *France*. He had always a Great fancy for the Art of Deſigning, and had been taught ſomething of it when young, which he had extreamly improved by the Inſtructions of the beſt Maſters at *Rome*. In his later times of Leaſure he uſed the Penſil often, which he call'd his moſt pleaſing Diverſion, and his Idle Hours more Honeſtly imploy'd than in that which ſome call buſineſs. His Genius inclined him moſt to Landskip-Painting in which he had a very pretty manner, and almoſt all that he performed appear'd with a free and Noble Guſt. *Mitis* and *Julio* no ſooner approach'd

the Houſe, but they took Notice of ſome of the Old Ruins, which *Eugenius* had purpoſely left ſtanding at a little Diſtance, eſteeming ſuch Marks of Venerable Antiquity, no blemiſh, but rather Beauty, like the Ruins of Old *Rome* among the Modern Palaces. One might eaſily perceive where the Church and Cloyſter had been, by the Remains of an Old Wall, which lookt as if it had Wreſtled with an Earthquake; and tho' the Legs, and Arms, and even its very Neck were broken, yet the heart remain'd ſtill firm and unſhaken. *Julio* who omited no occaſion to Magnifie the Wit of the Dramatick Poets of the laſt Age, ſaid, this Object has the Beauty of an old Medal; the Sight is like that of a Good Picture, where all the while a Man views it, his Phanſie is ſtill working, and the more he looks, the more he diſcovers to pleaſe him. Nothing can poſſibly better ſute with my Thoughts on this Occaſion, than what *Antonio* ſays in *the Dutcheſs of Malfy*, a Tragedy Writ by *Webſter*.

I do love theſe Antient Ruins. We never
Tread on them, but we ſet our Foot upon
Some Reverend Hiſtory. And queſtionleſs
Here in this open Court, which now lyes Naked
To the Injuries of Stormy Weather,
Some lie inter'd who loved the Church ſo well,
And gave ſo largely to it, they thought it wou'd
Have Canopy'd their Bones till Domeſday:
But all things have their End. Churches and Cities
Which have Diſeaſes like to Men, muſt have
Like Death as we have.

Eugenius who had diſcover'd their coming, received them in his outward Court with great Civility. After the uſual Complements were over, *Mitis* could not forbear to extol the Delicacy of the Scituation, proteſting that he never beheld a Circle of Proſpects, or as the French call it *les Environs* more agreeable than what *Eugenius* enjoys from this Seat, which to me (ſaid he) ſeems the very Center of Delights. But you will perhaps, ſaid *Liſander*, be more ſurprized with Admiration when you enter the Houſe, and ſee how Artificially *Eugenius* has contracted the whole Circle into the

Center. *Mitis* expreſt a kind of impatiency to behold ſo great a Rarity. *Eugenius* therefore readily conducted the Company into a very fair withdrawing Room, Curiouſly Wainſcoted with Cedar; ſome Parts of the Corniſh and Frames were Gilded; the Pannels, which were Large and High, contain'd ſo many Landskips; they were all the ſeveral Views about the Lordſhip, not the leaſt thing omitted that was any way Remarkable, and ſo Artificially placed, that they were poſited exactly as the Real places lay, according to the Compaſs; for the Room was not ſquare, but contrived orbicular, or rather caſt into ſixteen Angles, the Pannels not being Concave, but Flat. *Julio* admired the Contrivance, and thought he could never ſufficiently Applaud both the Deſign and performance. *Mitis*, who was himſelf a Lover, and had ſome Competent Judgment in the Art, after he had viewed 'em very intently ſometime, ſaid, here is one Beauty and Excellent Decorum in theſe Landskips, which I believe is not obſerved

ſerved by every one that ſees them. Tho' they are ſeveral Pieces, yet the Shadows of all are ſo placed, as if they were all ſeen at the ſame time of the Day, which makes every Pannel, ſhew like a ſeveral Window, and the Picture no more than a view in Perſpective. You obſerve Right Sir, ſaid *Eugenius*, 'twas ſo intended; for if the ſhadows had in the ſeveral Pictures, been placed more ways than one, and that not anſwering and agreeing in all, it would have lookt as if there had been ſeveral Suns ſhining in one Hemiſphere. You may ſuppoſe therefore, that you ſee all theſe Objects two or three hours after Sun Riſe about Midſummer, which I eſteem the pleaſanteſt part of the Day, and of the year. But theſe are Trifles, the next Room will ſhew you ſomething more worth your Sight, hereupon he led them into a Large Gallery Richly Adorn'd with choice *Italian* Paintings: There was hardly a Great Name in *Italy*, but he had there ſome of his Work, with ſome of the beſt of the *Flemings*, and Plenty of *Vandikes* Portraits.

traits. He had alſo ſome Excellent Sculptures of Cavalier *Bernini*, and our own Mr. *Gibbon*. *Julio* proteſted that the Sight only of this Gallery was richly worth a Journey from *London*, or from any other, tho' it be the furtheſt, part of *England*. *Mitis* ſaid he was confounded with ſo many admirable Objects, each having its particular Excellency tho in a different Manner of Expreſſion. *Liſander* beg'd that *Eugenius* wou'd favour him with ſome Rules whereby to judge of the Great Maſters, and their ſeveral and peculiar Manners. *Eugenius*'s Modeſtly excuſed himſelf, ſaying, he was but an ill Inſtructor in an Art which he did not well underſtand himſelf; but having been lately reading in a French Author, ſomething which relates to this Queſtion, he will repeat it in Engliſh as well as he can. They are, ſaid he,

The Sentiments of Charles Alphonſe Du Freſnoy, *on the Works of the Principal and beſt Painters of the laſt Ages.*

PAinting was in its Perfection among the Antient Greeks. The Principal Schools were at *Sicyon*, and after at *Rhodes*, *Athens*, *Corinth*, and laſtly at *Rome*. War and Luxury having diſſipated the Roman Empire, all Curious Arts, all polite Learning, and other Sciences, became extinct. But this began to appear again in the year 1450, among the Florentines, one of whom was *Dominico Ghirlandi*, Maſter of *Michael Angelo*, a Painter of ſome Conſiderable Name, tho' his manner was Gothick, and very dry.

Michael Angelo, his Diſciple, appear'd in the time of *Julius* II, *Leo* X, *Paul* III, and eight ſucceeding Popes. He was not only a Painter, but a Sculptor, and Architect

Civil

Civil and Military. The choice which he made of his * Attitudes was not always excellent, nor pleaſing. His † Guſt in deſigning cannot be ſaid to be the fineſt, nor his * Contour the moſt Elegant. His folds of Garments, and Habits, were not very Beautiful nor Gracious.

* *The Poſture and Action that any Figure is repreſented in.*

† *The Reliſh or Delight Reſulting from the whole, alſo the manner.*

* *The Outward Lines.*

He is ſomewhat Fantaſtic and extravagant in his Compoſitions, Raſh and Hardy in taking to himſelf Licence againſt the Rules of Perſpective. His Colouring is not very True nor pleaſant. He knew not the Art of † *Clair-obſcur.* He deſigned, and underſtood the Connexion of the Bones, the Function, and Scituation of the Muſcles better than any of the Painters among the Moderns. He expreſt a certain Grandeur and Security in his Figures, which took well in many places. But above all he was the greateſt Architect that ever we knew of, having excell'd

† *The Art of diſpoſing the Lights and Shadows skilfully.*

excell'd even the Antients themſelves. Witneſs St. *Peter's* at *Rome*, St. *John's* at *Florence*, the Capitol, the Palace *Farneſe*, and his own Houſe. His Diſciples were *Marcel Venuſte*, *Andrew de Vattere*, *le Roſſe*, *George Vaſare*, *Fra Baſtian* who uſually Painted for him, with ſeveral other *Florentines*.

Peter Perugin, deſign'd with ſufficient Intelligence of Nature, but it was Dry and Wither'd, and after a little Manner. He had for Diſciple.

Raphiel Santio, who was born on *Good-Friday* in the year 1483, and died on *Good-Friday* in the year 1520, having lived but 37 years. He has ſurpaſt all the Modern Painters, in having more excellent parts in him all at once, and ſome think he equall'd the Antients, except in this that he did not deſign Naked Figures ſo skilfully as *Michael Angelo*. But his Guſt in deſigning is much more pure, and finer. His Painting was not ſo good, ſo full, and of ſo Gracious a manner, as that of *Corregio*; nor had he the Contraſte or Oppoſition of *Clair-obſcur*, and the fierce and clean Colouring of *Titian*.

Titian. But without Compariſon, he had a better diſpoſition in his Pieces than *Titian*, *Corregio*, *Michael Angelo*, and all other Painters that have ever been ſince that time. His choice of Attitudes, of Heads, of Ornaments, of his manner of Drapery, his manner of deſigning, his Varieties, his Contraſtes, his Expreſſions were all perfectly good; but above all the Graces of his Pictures were ſuch as no Man ever came near. His * *Portraits* are very well eſteem'd. He was an excellent Architect. He was handſom, Tall, Civil and Obliging, never refuſing to inform any one in what he knew. He had many Diſciples, among others *Julio Romano*, *Polidore*, *Gaudens*, *John d'Udine*, *and Michael Coxis*. His Graver was *Marck Antoine*, whoſe Prints are admirable for the Correction of the *Contours*.

* *Heads Painted after the Life.*

Julio Romano was the moſt excellent of all *Raphiels* Diſciples, and had ſome Conceptions more extraordinary, more profound, and more Majeſtick than his Maſter. He was alſo

a

a great Architect; of a *Guſt* Pure and Neat; a great imitator of the Antients, diſcovering in all his Works his deſire to reſtore the Old Forms and Fabricks of paſt Ages, to the Modern Practice. He had the good fortune to have perſons of great Quality who rely'd wholly upon him for Buildings, * *Veſtibules*, *Tetraſtile Portico's*, *Xiſtes*, *Theaters*, and ſuch other Places, not now in uſe. He had a Wonderful Judgment in the Election of *Attitudes*. His manner was the Hardeſt and dryeſt of all the School of *Raphael*; he did not very well underſtand the *Clair-obſcur*, and way of Colouring. He is ſtiff and ungraceful in many places. The folds of his Draperies are neither Beautiful, nor Great, nor Eaſie, nor Natural, but all Fantaſtick and which reſemble ſomething the Habits of ill Comedians. He was very intelligent in all polite Learning. His Diſciples were *Pirro Ligorio*, admirable for antique Buildings, Towns, Temples, Tombs, Trophies, and the Scituation of all Old

* *Terms in Architecture, relating to ſeveral forms of Building.*

Old Structures, *Eneas Vico*, *Bonaſone*, *George Mantuan* and others.

Polidore, a Diſciple of *Raphaels*, was Wonderful excellent at deſigning Pratique, having a peculiar Genius for Friſes, as appears by thoſe he Painted at *Rome* in Black and White. He imitated the * *Antique*, in a greater manner than *Julio Romano*, but *Julio* ſeems to be trueſt. One may ſee in his Works, ſome admirable † *Groupes* ſuch as are not to be ſeen elſewhere. His Colouring was extreamly Rare, and he has done ſome Landskips of a good *Guſt*.

* *the Antient Paintings and Seulpture.*

† *A Knot or amaſement of Figures ſtandtng together.*

At *Venice*, *John Bellin* was one of the firſt that was taken Notice of, his Painting was extream dry after the manner of that Age. He very well underſtood Architecture and Perſpective. He was *Titians* firſt Maſter, as one may perceive by the firſt Works of that Illuſtrious Diſciple of his, in which is ſeen a property of Colours ſuch as his Maſter uſed.

About

About the ſame time *Georgion*, cotemporary with *Titian*, became excellent for *Portraits* and Great Pieces. This was he who firſt took up the Election of Colours fierce and agreeable, which was after brought to perfection and the intire Harmony which appears in *Titians* Pictures. He ſet off his Figures extreamly well; and one may ſay, that had it not been for him, *Titian* had never riſe to the degree of Excellency, for it was cauſed chiefly by the Emulation and Jealouſie that was betwixt theſe two.

Titian was one of the greateſt Colouriſts that ever was in the World. He deſigned with much more facility and experience than *Georgion*. The Women and Children of his hand are admirable for deſign and Colour, the Guſt being Delicate, Neat ond Noble, with a kind of pleaſing Negligence in the Dreſs, in the Draperies, and Furniture, peculiar to him. His Figures of Men are ſuch as nothing can be better deſigned; however there are ſome of his Draperies that are ſomewhat ſad, and of little Guſt. His Painting

is extream fierce, ſweet, and precious. His Portraits were Wonderfully Beautiful, his Attitudes extream handſom, grave, varied, and adorn'd after a moſt advantagious manner. Never Man wrought Landskips of ſo great a manner, of ſo good a Colouring, and expreſſing ſo much Truth. For the ſpace of eight or ten years together, he copy'd with great exactneſs all that he did, to gain to himſelf a more eaſie Road, and to eſtabliſh himſelf in the general Maxims. Beſides that excellent Guſt in Colouring, which he had above others, he perfectly underſtood how to give every thing its proper touches, whereby they are diſtinguiſht from one another, and which gives 'em more Spirit and Life. The Pictures which he made at his beginning, and towards his latter end, are of a dry and lean manner. He lived 101 years; and had for his Diſciples *Paul Veroneſe*, *James Tintoret*, *James Dupont*, *Baſſan* and his Brothers.

Paul Veroneſe expreſſed an extream Grace in the Airs of Women, with great

great diverſity of changeable Drapeperies, and incredible vivacity and facility, notwithſtanding his Compoſition was Barbarous, and his deſign not correct; but the Colouring and all that depends thereon, was ſo admirable in his Pictures, that it ſurpriſed at firſt ſight, and cauſed all other Faults to be forgot.

Tintoret, a Diſciple of *Titian*; he was a great Deſigner and * *Praticien*, and ſometimes a great † *Strapaſſon*; he had an admirable Genius for Painting, but his Affection and Patience was not equal to his Fire and vivacity. He has made ſome Pictures of no leſs Beauty than thoſe of *Titian*. His Compoſition and his Dreſs are Barbarous for the moſt part, and his Contours are not very Correct; but his Colouring and all that depends on that is admirable.

* *An Artiſt of a ready and expert Practice.*

† *One whoſe drawings are ſtrain'd, and extravagant.*

The *Baſſans* had a poorer and more miſerable Guſt in Painting than *Tintoret*, and deſign'd worſe than he. But they had an excellent Guſt in Colours,

and toucht up, or expreſt Animals after a very good Manner, yet their Compoſition and deſign was very Barbarous.

At *Parma*, *Corregio* Painted two Great *Cupulo's* in * *Freſquo*, and ſeveral Altar Pieces. He had certain natural Graces, peculiar to himſelf, for all his Pictures of the Bleſſed Virgin, the Saints, and young Children. His manner is extream great, as well for deſign, as for Workmanſhip, tho without Correction. His Penſil is one of the moſt agreeable and eaſie, and one may ſay of him, that he Painted with ſuch a force, ſuch a relief, and ſuch a ſweetneſs and vivacity of Colours, that he could do nothing better. He diſtributed his Lights after a particular manner, ſuch as gave a great force and roundneſs to his Figures. It conſiſted in extending his Lights to be large, and then loſing them inſenſibly in the dark Colours without the * *Maſſes*, which gave them a great Roundneſs,

* *A ſort of Painting upon outward Walls.*

* *The Maſſes are the ſtrongeſt Lights, and Shadows.*

Roundneſs, without our perceiving from whence ſuch force and ſuch ſatisfaction to the Eye, ſhould proceed; and in this particular he ſeems to be followed by other Lombards. He had not the Election of handſom Attitudes, nor the diſtribution of comely Groups. His deſign often appears Lame, and his poſitions are not much obſerved. The Aſpects of his Figures are not unpleaſant in many places: But his manner of deſigning the Heads, the Hands, the Feet, and other parts, is very great and good to imitate. In the Conduct and finiſhing a Picture, he did Miracles; for he Painted with ſuch Union, that his greateſt Works, ſeem'd to be the Product but of one day, and appear'd as if ſeen in a Looking glaſs. His Landskips were handſom, and correſpondent to his Figures.

At the ſame time lived *Parmigano*, who beſides his great Manner in good Colouring, was excellent for Invention and Deſign; he had a Genius full of Gentileneſs and Spirit, hauing nothing of Barbarous in his Choice of Attitudes, and in the Dreſs of his

Figures, which cannot be ſaid of *Corregio*. There are very handſom things and very correct of his.

Theſe two Painters had very good Diſciples, but none but thoſe of that Country know who they were; however we are not well aſſured of what they ſay, for Painting is there utterly extinct.

I ſay nothing of *Leonard de Vinci*, becauſe I have ſeen but very few things of his doing; tho' he revived theſe Arts at *Millain*, and made many Diſciples.

Lewis Carache Uncle of *Hanibal*, and Brother of *Antonio*, ſtudied at *Parma* after *Corregio*, and became excellent in deſign and colouring, which he perform'd with ſuch Grace and Candor, that *Guido* a Diſciple of *Hannibal*, did afterwards imitate him with much ſucceſs. There are of his Pictures very Beautiful and well managed. His ordinary reſidence was at *Bologna*; and it was he that firſt taught his Nephew *Hannibal* to uſe the Crayon.

Annibal

Annibal quickly out went his Maſter in all particulars. He counterfeited *Corregio*, *Titian*, and *Raphaels* manner in different Pictures, excepting that they want the Nobleneſs, the Grace, and the Delicacy of *Raphael*, and that his Cantours are not ſo Pure and ſo Elegant. For the reſt he was very accompliſht, and very Univerſal. His manner of deſigning is great and excellent. Expreſſing what he knew with an admirable Genius.

Auguſtin, Brother of *Annibal* was alſo a good Painter, and a moſt excellent Graver. He had a Baſtard Son Named *Antonio*, who died at the Age of 23 or 24 years, who as 'tis thought, would certainly have ſurpaſt his Uncle, *Annibal*, for it ſeem'd, from what we ſee of his, that he would have taken agreater Flight.

Guido imitated chiefly *Lewis Carache*, and always retain'd the ſame faſhion of Painting with *Lawrence* the *Fleming*, his Maſter, who dwelt at *Bologna*, and was Contemporary and an Emulatour of the ſaid *Lewis*. *Guido* made uſe of *Albert Durer* as *Virgil* did of

the Poet *Ennius*, and this he turn'd into his own manner with ſuch Grace and Beauty, that he alone got more Money, and obtain'd more Reputation in his time, than his Maſters, and than all the Diſciples of the School of the *Caraches*, tho' more capable han the. His Heads are no ways inferior to thoſe of *Raphiel.*

Siſto Badalocchi deſigned better than the other Diſciples; but he died young.

Albano was excellent in all the parts of Painting, and was skill'd in the *Belles Lettres*, or polite Learning.

Dominicano was a very skilful Painter, and very painful, being not otherwiſe advantaged by Nature. He was very profound in all that depends on Painting; however he ſeems to have leſs Majeſty than all the other Diſciples of the *Caraches.*

John Lanfranc was of great Spirit and Vivacity, and continued long in an excellent Guſt of Deſign and Colour, but having no Foundation but the Practique, he quickly became liable to Correction, in ſuch ſort that we

we ſee many of his things very * *Strapaſſées* where there was no occaſion for it. For the reſt of thoſe Diſciples, after the Death of their Maſter, they all grew worſe and worſe in every particular of Painting.

* *Strain'd and extravagant.*

Viola begun to make Landskips when he was very Old. *Hannibal* took a delight to inſtruct him, and we may ſee ſeveral Pieces of his Work wonderfully handſom, and well colour'd.

In *Germany* and the Low Countries *Albert Durer*, *Lucas*, *Aldegrave*, *Isbin*, and *Holbin*, were all of the ſame time. Among whom *Albert*, and *Holbin*, were very skilful, and had been of the firſt Rank had they ſeen *Italy*, for we can blame them for nothing but their *Gothick* Guſt, and chiefly *Albert*. As for *Holbin*, he carried the Execution beyond *Raphael*, and I have ſeen a Portrait of his that put down one of *Titians*.

Among the *Flemings*, we have had *Rubens*, a Man to whom his Birth gave a Lively Wit, Free, Sweet, and Univer-

Univerſal; he had a Genius capable to raiſe him not only to the Rank of the Antient Painters, but alſo to the greateſt Imployments, and accordingly he was made choice of to go on one of the moſt famous Embaſſies that has been in our Age. His Guſt for deſign did Taſt more of the natural *Fleming* than of the Beauty of the Antique, for he had been but a little time at *Rome*. Tho' we may obſerve in all his Works, a Grandeur, and Majeſty, yet one may ſay truly, that generally ſpeaking, he did not deſign well, but for the other parts of Painting he underſtood and poſſeſt as much as ever Painter did. His principal Study was made in *Lombardy*, and particularly after the Works of *Titian*, *Paul Veroneſe*, and *Tintoret* from all which, (as one may ſay) he skim'd away the Cream, to gether for his own uſe certain general Maxims and infallible Rules, which he always obſerved, and by which he performed his Works with more facility than *Titian*, more Purity, Truth and Science, than *Paul Veroneſe*, and more Majeſty, Repoſe

poſe, and Moderation than *Tintoret*. In fine, his manner was ſo firm, ſo skillful, and ſo prompt, that it ſeem'd as if his Rare Genius was ſent on purpoſe from Heaven, to teach Mankind the Art of Painting.

His School was fill'd with many good Diſciples, among whom *Vandike* beſt underſtood the Rules and General Maxims of his Maſter, and did even ſurpaſs him in the Delicacy of his Carnations (or Fleſh Colours) and in his Cabinet Pieces; but he had as ill a Guſt as him, in that Part which relates to Deſign.

SECT.

Sect. V.

Of Poets and Poetry.

After *Eugenius* had thus finiſht his (or rather *Monſieur Freſnoy's*) Diſcourſe of the Famous Italian Painters, the Company fell into familiar Chat, ſuch as produced nothing Remarkable; till the approach of Night cauſed the Viſitants to think of home. *Mitis* made *Eugenius* a very gentile Complement at parting, and *Julio* profeſt, that tho' his Entertainment was in all particulars extream Noble and Obliging, yet nothing had more ſurpriſed him with Delight, than the Sight of his Excellent Collection of Pictures. As they return'd, *Mitis* began a Diſcourſe which laſted all the way, near two hours. He ſaid it may be a Queſtion which is the moſt Delightſom Painting or Poetry? Underſtand me, where both are good and in perfection; for the little com-

mon

mon Dawbings are no more to be valued in one, than the Street Ballads and diſpicable Rhimes of the other. Whichſoever occaſions the greateſt Pleaſures (ſaid *Julio*) I will not determine; for that may ariſe chiefly from the apprehenſion, or different Genius of the Party who views the Picture, or reads the Poem: But I am apt to believe that Poetry is more uſeful to humane Life, by Reaſon of its Moral Precepts and Inſtructions, ſuch as cannot ariſe from a Dumb Painting. As Dumb as the Painting is, ſaid *Liſander*. Pictures are thought to be of great uſe, even by the way of Direction and Information, beyond Sea; and therefore they are ſo frequently placed in Churches there, to highten the Affections and advance Devotion. 'Tis true, this has been thought Superſtitious here in our Country, and therefore Pictures have been with us Excommunicated or Expell'd the Church, and certain Texts of Scripture Writ up and down on the Walls, inſtead of them; and yet ſome People think this to be of as little

tle uſe, and leſs Ornament than the other; for ſay they, in Country Churches, where it is moſt Practiſed, many (if not moſt) of the Pariſh cannot Read, whereas every Body underſtands the meaning of a Picture, which indeed ſpeaks all Languages: And for that Reaſon they have been, not improperly, called, *The Lay-mens Books.* But to wave this Compariſon of Painting and Poetry, which has been allow'd in all Ages ſince Old *Horace* ſaid,

——*Pictoribus atque Poetis*
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas.

There is one Point of Diſparity betweenʼem, in the true Cauſe of which I would gladly be ſatisfied. And that is, why Poetry and Poverty are counted inſeperable Companions, and that for a Man to have a Poetical Genius is thought fatal, that he is thereby half Ruined, and in the ready way to Beggary? Whereas for a Painter to have an apt and ready Genius

nius in his Science, is counted a good Omen, and aſſures us that in time he will be a grat Maſter, and raiſe an Eſtate. *Julio* after a little pauſe, anſwer'd to this purpoſe. 'Tis very true, that thoſe who addict themſelves to Poetry, eſpecially ſuch who make it their whole buſineſs, have been generally obſerved to be little beholding to Fortune, or in plain Engliſh, poor and indigent; one Reaſon may be, that they are Men of Generous Souls, above their Fortunes, and live according to the Ideas and Notions they Read and Write of; which tho' commendable in Poems and Romances, yet are not practicable here, without a plentiful Revenue, and almoſt Inexhauſtible Fund. Beſides, they Love quiet, as moſt agreeable to their Studies, while thoſe who Raiſe Eſtates are your Intreaguers, Men of Buſineſs, and ſuch as live in a continual Hurry. Add to this, that being Men of Witty and Delightſom Converſation, their Company is deſired by almoſt all, and thoſe of Fortunes and Expences greater than they in Prudence

dence can Cope with; which inſenſibly decays that little Eſtate which they have. An other Reaſon may be that they aſpire no higher than a handſom ſubſiſtance for the preſent, and leave the future to Providence that diſpoſes all things; in which particular they are better Chriſtians and Pniloſophers, than Husbands and Parents. After all, perhaps this Character of Poverty is not only applyable to Poets, but in ſome (if not equal) Degree, to all other Scholars, who being Maſters of Little or nothing beſides their Learning, they are compell'd (after the Example of all Ages) to apply themſelves to Great Men; ſome of whom, whoſe Eſtates have overgrown their Wit and Humanity, think themſelves importuned with their Addreſſes, and therefore ſpeak more diſgracefully of them than they deſerve. Theſe are the Reverſe of a *Mæcenas*; they have have his Riches, but Souls below a *Plebeian*. They look upon a Poet, or Poor Scholar, with a Preſent or Dedication, as a kind of Robber, for tho' he

He does not take their Purſe like your Highwayman, yet he forces their Will, and they part with what Cuſtom obliges them to return, (if they make any) meerly to avoid the Diſhonour, as unwillingly and with as ill a Face, as if they heard *Stand and Deliver.* For this Reaſon, ſaid *Mitis*, I wou'd have (if poſſible) no Poets but ſuch only who have Eſtates of Inheritance Large and ſufficient to guard them both from the Inſults of the World, and Cares of ſubſiſting. 'Tis true, there have been ſeveral among the Romans, and in our Age, who have been as Eminent for their Excellent Genius this way, as for their Quality. But for the moſt part, the Great Men and the Poets are not to be United; for *they* are *Born* Rich, and *theſe* are *born* Poets. But were ſome of thoſe to raiſe their Eſtates (which are already made to their hands) they might, perhaps, live as poor as theſe. There is certainly more requir'd to getting Riches, than Learning and Science: There is much of Luck, and ſomething of Trick (the

Citizens call it Myſtery) that are neceſſary Concomitants. What elſe makes the Hypocrite more plauſible than the Good Chriſtian, an Empirick Richer than a Learned Doctor? And I have heard of a Fellow in the Country, who cou'd not Write, nor (hardly) read, and yet got a great Eſtate by pretending to the Law. In theſe Lucky pretences, theſe Tricks and Myſteries, or what ever you call 'em, it ſeems the Poets are Ignorant: There is ſtill one other Reaſon for a Poets Poverty; thoſe who addict themſelves to other Studies, find great incouragement from publick Proviſions. The Divine has his Livings, Promotions, and Dignities. Thoſe of the Law have abundance of Offices of mighty profit; and the Phyſitians, ſettled Salaries from Hoſpitals and other endowments. But the Poet (as ſuch) hath no Office or Place of Preferment belonging to his Profeſſion, that I know of, except one; and that too, conſiſts chiefly in Reputation, and a Pipe of Canary. This ſtarts an other occaſion of their impoveriſhment; they have

have been generally devoted to the Bottle; they fancy inſpiration from Wine; and I never heard of any who raiſed an Eſtate, but thouſands who conſumed it, by Drinking. You have given Reaſons more than enough, ſaid *Liſander*, to juſtifie the common Notion of Poets. I perceive that Verſes and Poems are pretty Toys to play with, but the worſt Tools for a Trade that ever were invented. 'Tis well ſome of our Poets have other ways of ſubſiſting, elſe I know not how they would do to live in this World, unleſs they could Reſtore the Golden Age (their beloved Theme) in which bountiful Nature ſupply'd all things to every one, and none wanted any thing. And among other Arts, which have interfered with Poeſie, I have obſerved in a more eſpecial manner, that of Painting to be one; as if the two Siſter Sciences delighted to live together in the ſame Perſon. You ſeldom knew a Poet but he was a Lover of Pictures, nor a Painter who had not the like Affection for Poems and Muſick (which is really an inarti-

culate Poeſie). Some perſons have attain'd to a great perfection in both theſe Arts; ſuch was *Leonardo da Vinci*; I cou'd Name other Italians, and ſeveral of our own Nation; But 'tis ſufficient to inſtance only in one. A young Lady of Eminent Virtue and Beauty, was when ſhe lived (which was not many years ſince) incomparable for her performances both with the Pen and Penſil. I mean Mrs. *Ann Killegrew*, whoſe Picture drawn by her ſelf, is Printed before her Book of Poems, publiſht ſoon after her Death. A Gentleman of our Acquaintance, tho' he had never ſeen her when living, fell really in love with her Memory, and on the firſt view of her Picture and Poems, compoſed ſome Verſes which I think I can ſtill remember.

Often have I Conquer'd been
With the Beauties I have ſeen;
Often have uncommon Faces
Pleas'd and Wounded with their Graces:
But till this Hour I never found
That the Fair Sex unſeen can Wound:

Till

Till now I never was a Slave
To Charms and Beauties in a Grave:

Nor time can cure, nor Hope can eaſe my Care,
At once I ſee, Love, and diſpair.
Ah ſweet Remains of that Lamented Maid!
Ah Lovely Shadow of a Shade;
Where's now the Hand which this fair Image drew?
Where's that we miſs even when we view?
Where is that Noble Fancy cou'd deſign
A Face, and Verſe, both ſo Divine?
Where is that Face that did all Art defie,
That Art that Nature did outvy?
Where in the Sex ſhall we her Virtue find?
And where her Wit in all Mankind?

Abſurd Inquiries! Can ſuch Beauty dye,
Such Wit be ſubject to Mortality?
Can ſuch Accompliſhments as hers create
Leſs than a Miracle, and Conquer Fate?
See prophane Infidel, ſee here, and find
In this Eternal Monument inſhrined,
Her very ſelf; her Wit, her Face, and Mind.

This ſeems, indeed, to be Writ with as great Affection as Encomium, and more Love than Art. But you know *Philaſter*, he is the Author. I did imagine, ſaid *Mitis*, it muſt be he; He is himſelf a pretender to both theſe

theſe Arts: And that with as much Succeſs as he deſires, ſince he never made either of them his Buſineſs, but Diverſion.

With this and ſuch like Diſcourſe, the Way and the Time paſt off, when they found themſelves arrived at their Journeys End, and that the Day-Light had determined, and the Sun Reſigned his Office to his Siſter almoſt an hour before, which they never minded.

F I N I S.

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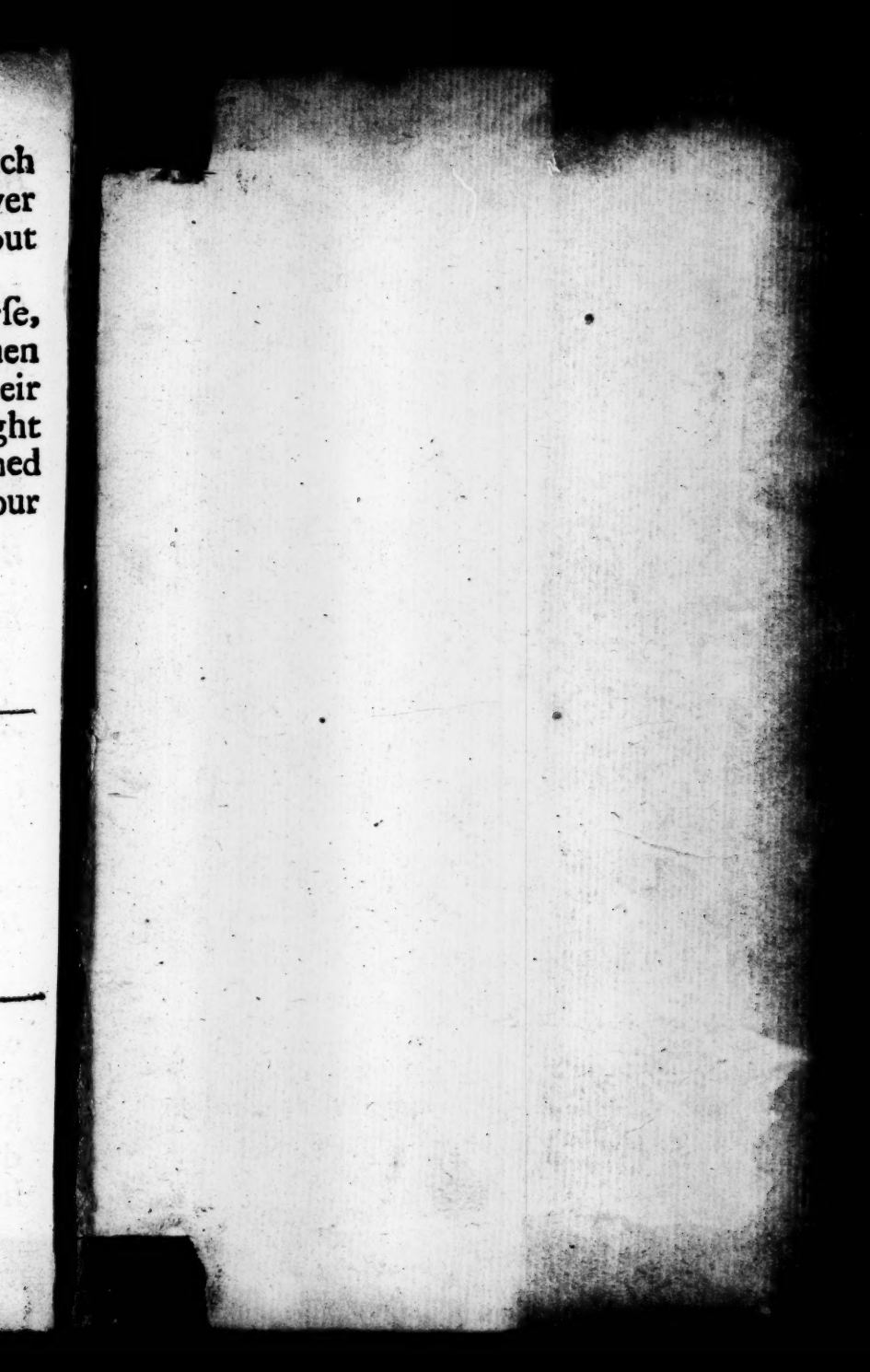
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